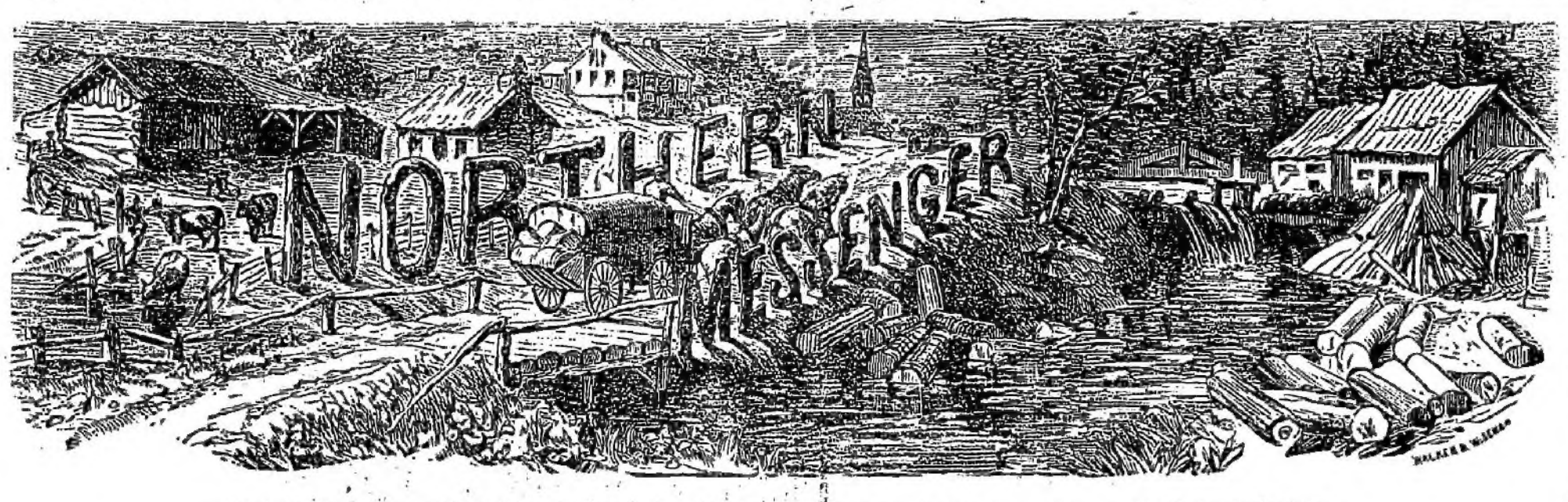


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVIII., No. 13. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1883. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE OSPREY.

One of the most interesting of the predaceous birds which belong to Great Britain is the celebrated osprey or fishing hawk. This fine bird was formerly very common in England, but is now but rarely seen within the confines of theBritish Isles, although isolated species are now and then seen.

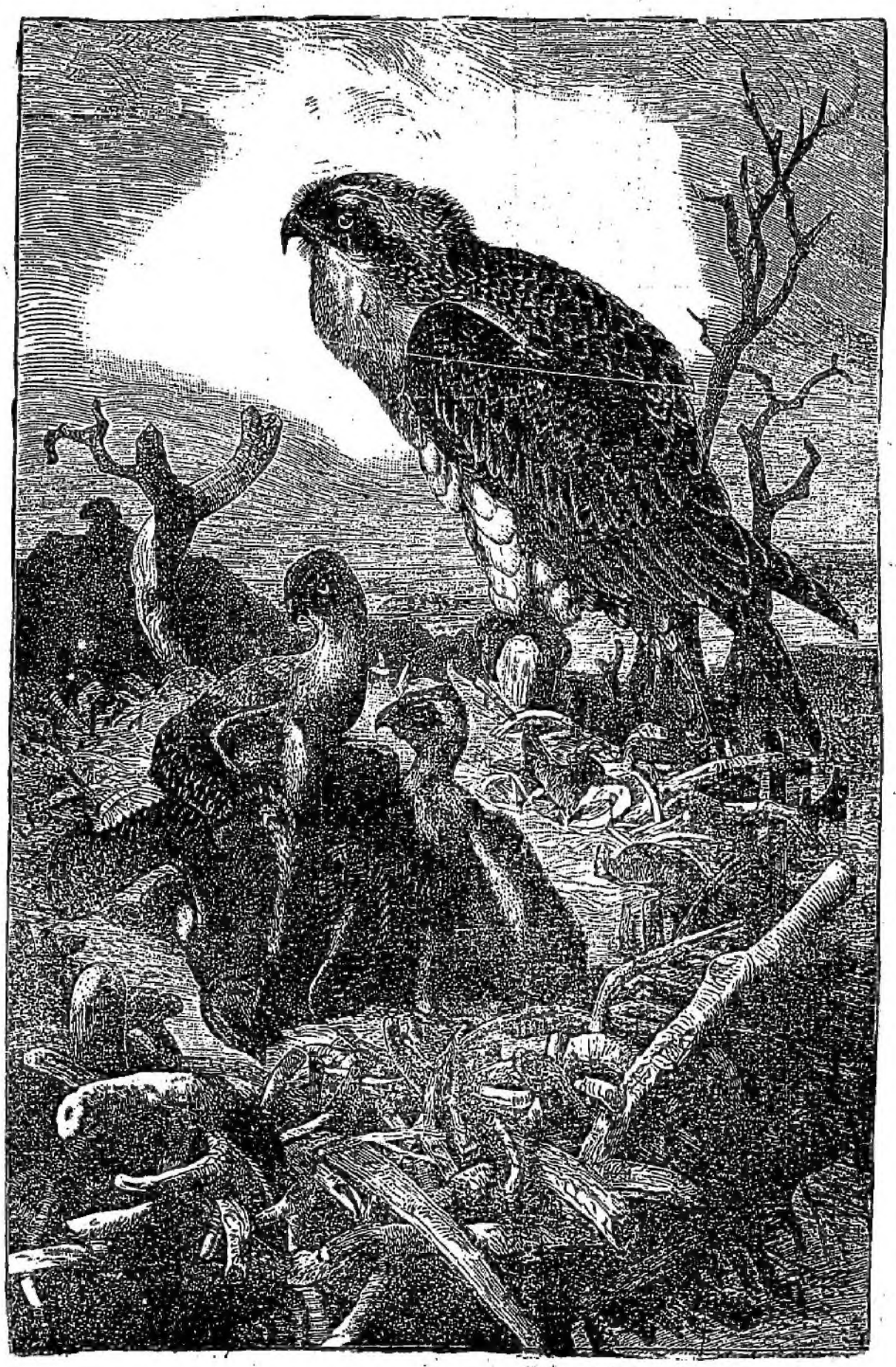
As the bird is a fish-eater, it is generally observed on the sea coast or on the banks of some large river, but has occasionally been observed in some comparatively waterless situation, where it has been probably driven by stress of weather. In some parts of Scotland the osprey still holds its own, and breeds year after year on the same spot, generally choosing the summit of an old ruined building or the top of a large tree for that purpose. The nest is a very large one, composed almost wholly of sticks, and contains two or three whitish eggs, largely blotched with reddish-brown, the dark patches being collected toward the large end of the egg. As is the case with the eagles, the osprey is monogamous; but on the death of either of the pair, the survivor soon finds another mate, and is straightway consoled by a new alliance. From all accounts it is an affectionate and domestic bird, paying the greatest attention to its mate and home, and displaying a constancy which is not to be surpassed by that of the turtle-dove, so celebrated for matrimonial felicity.

The flight of the osprey is peculiarly easy and elegant, as might be expected from a bird the length of whose body is only twenty-two inches, and the expanse of wing nearly five feet and a half. Living almost wholly on fish, the osprey sails in wide undulating circles, hovering over the water and intently watching for its prey. No sooner does a fish come into view than the osprey shoots through the air like a meteor, descends upon the luckless fish with such force that it drives a shower of spray in every direction, and soon emerging, flies away to its nest, bearing its prey in its grasp. In order to enable it to seize and retain so slippery a creature as a fish, the claws of the osprey are long, curved and very sharp, the soles of the feet are rough and the outer toe is capable of great versatility. When the bird has settled upon its nest, or upon any spot where it intends to eat its prey, it does not relinquish its hold, but, as if fearful that the fish should escape, continues its grasp, and daintily picks away the flesh from between its toes. Sometimes in making its swoop it arrests itself for a second or two, as if to watch some change of position on the part of its intended prey.

The singular beauty of the osprey's flight attracted the attention of M. de Quatrefages who remarked that the bird was able with outstretched and immovable wings, not only to withstand the power of a "squall" that would have flung a man to the ground, but even to work its way against the wind. How this feat was performed he confesses to be a mystery to him, and that the so-called scientific theories of "acquired velocity" or "tremulous movement" of the wings could not at all account for the phenomenon which he observed.

Harmless though the osprey be—except to the fish—it is a most persecuted bird, being not only annoyed by rooks and crows, but robbed by the more powerful white-headed eagle, who strikes the osprey on the wing and snatches from the poor bird the results of its morning's labors.

There is but one species of osprey although it has been thought that the American bird ought to be reckoned as a different species. The general color of the osprey is dark brown, but it is pleasingly variegated with various shades of black, gray, and white. The crown of the head and the nape of the neck are covered with long gray-white feathers, streaked with dark brown. The under surface of the body is white, with the exception of a light brown band which extends across the chest. The primaries are brown tipped with black, and the tail is barred above with a light and a deep brown, and below with brown and white. The legs, toes and cere are blue, the eyes golden yellow, and the beak and claws black.—*Woods, Natural History.*



THE OSPREY.—(*Pandion haliætus.*)

MANY a Christian trusts Christ to carry him through the valley of the shadow of death, who does not rely upon him to take him through the dread to-morrow. If you are Christ's, you have no right to worry. He is a safe pilot. You can trust him in the shallow, quiet river, as well as in the sea beyond.—*Morning Star.*

I HAVE ALWAYS noticed that those who know the most are the best listeners, and the most anxious to know more.

Temperance Department.

"SO GLAD OF A HOUSE!"

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The dozen new cottages on Poplar Row had all been purchased by family men, most of whom had owned houses before, although not as desirable as these. The twelve were alike, built in Gothic style, with porch in front and small bay-window. They were painted white and looked very fresh and pretty, with their clean green blinds and bits of door-yards in front. At the back of each house was a small yard, neatly spaded and smoothed, and thus left for the owners to lay out as each one should choose. It was early in April when the new owners took possession, and all was bustle and confusion along the Row. Children cried and hammers pounded, birds sang and kittens mewed, even human voices at times were heard scolding. At last each little home was settled to the owner's satisfaction or dissatisfaction, as the case might be, and then the yards came in for consideration. Some left theirs without improvement,—gradually adding things which were not supposed to beautify, such as old tin cans, ashes, and rags.

In the fifth house from the corner lived a couple, who seemed very fond of each other, judging from the kindly words and acts frequently seen and heard by the neighbors. They had three children,—a manly boy of ten and two pretty little girls of eight and six years. Their little yard was the prettiest on the Row when July came, although no better than the rest during April. Half of it had been seeded down, and now it rested one's eyes just to look at its green, velvety carpet. Back of the seeding, close to the low fence separating the fifth yard from the sixth, a vine clambered all the way along, which was full of blue bells, drooping like fairy cups. In the other half of the yard, there were two long wire lines overhead, upon which on Mondays fresh white clothes swung in the breeze. Then there was a rustic seat, home-made, a hammock under the one tree and a bed of beautiful flowers,—also over the fence between this yard and the fourth, nasturtiums leaned in all their golden bloom.

One hot July morning, the mothers in the fourth, fifth, and sixth cottages, all happened out at the same time to hang up their clothes; Mrs. Allen of Number Four looked very cross and anxious; Mrs. Coates of Number Six very weary-faced and discouraged; but Mrs. Bowen of Number Five looked happy, and was singing a low, sweet song, as she hung out the white clothes in the glorious sunshine. She glanced at her neighbor's faces and then at their barren yards, while a throb of pity entered her kindly heart. She was in a great hurry to finish her washing, but not in too great a hurry to stop for a little kindly service. She stooped down beside her loved flowers, picked a bunch of beautiful pansies and some sprays of mignonette, and reaching over the glowing nasturtiums, she called to Mrs. Allen:

"And how is little Sue this morning?"

"Better, but awful cross," answered Mrs. Allen fretfully.

"I'm glad she's better,—give her these flowers with my love, please," and with the blooming gift there went a smile so full of loving kindness that it touched Mrs. Allen's heart.

"Thank you," she said; "Sue will be rejoiced; she loves flowers." Then Mrs. Allen went into the cottage. Mrs. Bowen handed a bunch of pinks to Mrs. Coates.

"Aren't they beauties, Mrs. Coates?" she asked. Over the weary face there broke a smile, as Mrs. Coates said quickly, as she inhaled the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beauties! Indeed they are. Thank you, Mrs. Bowen." And Mrs. Coates went into her cottage, entered her pantry, and from the top shelf took down a vase which she had not used before for years. She filled it with water and arranged the pinks to her satisfaction within it. She stood for a moment or two before it, forgetting her washing. A tear stole down her face.

"How thoughtful Mrs. Bowen is, and so kindly and cheerful! I wish I was like her," she thought. That evening Mrs Coates went into Mrs. Allen's to enquire about Sue. Finding the child very much better and entirely out of danger, their conversation drifted upon their friend Mrs. Bowen.

"I can't understand how she can always be so cheery, so loving, and yet so busy;—and *full of care as she must be* with those three children and all her housework and sewing to do" Mrs. Coates remarked.

"No, neither can I; I wish I did know the secret of her happiness, and perhaps there would be some hope for me. I get more weary and discouraged every day that I live, I verily believe," Mrs. Allen said regretfully. A *bright* idea entered Mrs. Coate's head.

"Supposing we ask her for her recipe for good humor and patience," she said grimly.

"You want to know why I am patient and happy, do you?—why I don't fret and chafe at little things;—is that it? Well I will, tell you," answered Mrs. Bowen with a smile and a tear.

"'Twould be too long a story to tell it all; so, as a beginning, I will only, to show you where I once stood, refer to my old home previous to my marriage. In my baby days it had been full of luxury, for father was wealthy; but as time rolled on, the wheel rolled around and my girlhood was one of bitter sorrow. Down we went swiftly from an almost palatial home to a rented house; from the rented house to a miserable flat; from the flat to a few rooms in a wretched tenement; and from that to a floorless hovel. I would not attempt to picture the sorrow of those years. Then, when father died of delirium tremens, mother, and Bertie my brother and I, gradually but surely worked our way upward to respectability again. When I was nineteen years old, we again owned a house, not much of a one,—only a little three-roomed affair; but it was ours, and we were very thankful. Then another dreadful blow fell; our precious mother died,—the long continued strain of a life-long sorrow having borne too heavily upon her. Bertie soon followed her, and I was left alone. O the agony of those terrible days!

"But, through storm or sunshine time hastens on, and a year later the darkness seemed passing off from my soul. It was then that I met Frank Bowen, an intelligent and genial young man, a book-keeper in a large dry-goods store. Another year passed and then we were married, and all was joy with us. I felt that the bitterness of life was past, and that henceforth my path would be strewn with roses. But O how little we know in regard to our future! There was a thorn, a dreadful thorn hidden in the rose life we were leading. Frank, unknown to me, began drinking wine. When I discovered the fact, I felt completely crushed. I wept and moaned and pleaded, all to no effect. After the first glass, the chain grew quickly, binding him closer day by day.

"Years passed away. We with our three children were down in the depths. Long ago my pretty home, earned by mother, Bertie and I, was swallowed up in Frank's glasses. We had sunk so low that we were only able to pay the rent of one dirty, leaky room with closet adjoining. We were hungry and cold and almost despairing. I worked at fine sewing, but the money I earned was nearly always clutched by my drunken husband and squandered for drink.

"One cold, wintry night I was lying on my wretched bed, sick and in terrible mental agony. God forgive me the wicked thought that then entered my mind! I fairly longed to take a sleeping potion that would put me into a never-to-be-awakened sleep. My little Daisy, then only a year old, was lying beside me, shivering under the old quilt. Carrie, a tiny child of three, and Tom, aged five, were crying at the foot of the bed, crying because they were nearly starved and frozen. Just then my husband came stumbling in. He had a bottle in his hand and threw it at Carrie. It just escaped her head.

"'Stop your blubberin' or I'll throw it at ye again,' he said angrily, striding toward the timid, sobbing child. I got out of bed and stood before him, weak and trembling.

"'Frank,' I said, 'don't throw the bottle at little Carrie, but get a sword somewhere and kill us all together,—your wife and your three children.' I never saw such a look upon any one's face as there was upon his as I spoke. He looked like one mortally wounded and turned from me to stagger from the room. After he was gone I fell upon my knees in prayer,—a weeping, wailing, pleading prayer,—that God would take me and my three almost naked, starving children out of this world of woe. I finished my prayer by beseeching our Father to 'leave the gate ajar, for poor, dear, weak Frank. I prayed for a long time, and at last from utter weariness I sank down upon the floor in a faint. Poor little Tom and Carrie vainly endeavored to raise me up; but soon the outer door opened, and some one came in and lifted me up. I opened my eyes and saw that it was my husband. He laid me down gently upon the bed and pulled the quilt over me; then with his trembling hands he stroked my hair.

"'Mary,' he said huskily, 'I'm a brute I know, but God knows I don't want to kill you. Mary, I'll never abuse you again, nor harm a hair on the head of one of those little ones.' I hardly knew his voice it was so soft and loving. I wish I could tell you all he said to me then, but it is impossible. He had heard my prayer and God touched his heart. That was the night of his awakening. Since then he has been a follower of the Saviour. If ever a man was on the Lord's side he is; and he has accomplished wonders since then. You can't think it strange now, can you, that I am patient and happy! I'm so glad of a house after all our weary struggles,—a house of our very own that I could shout for joy. Ought not a wife and mother to be happy, who has a house of her own, a temperate, loving, industrious husband, affectionate children, and health?"

"Yes," Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Coates both said, and they went home resolved to keep the frowns off their faces and the fretfulness out of their hearts.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.

Characters: GEORGE, CHARLIE, MARY, ANNIE.

ANNIE.—Well, George, I hear you've gone and signed the pledge, is that true?

GEORGE.—Yes, quite true, Annie, and I wish you would too. I have not only signed the pledge, but joined a Temperance Society.

ANNIE.—Oh, I couldn't join, but what was your reason for doing so?

GEORGE.—Why, I couldn't help myself, I've been keeping my eyes open lately, because I wanted to see for myself if the Temperance question was worth making such a fuss over as some people think it is, and—

ANNIE.—Well, go on, what did you find out by keeping your eyes open?

GEORGE.—I saw a great deal more than I expected to.

MARY.—But you've always been a temperance boy, George.

GEORGE.—Yes, but only in name, I never thought much about it till lately and never dreamed that I might do anything for the cause.

ANNIE.—But tell us what you saw by keeping your eyes open?

GEORGE.—Well, for one thing I took to reading more on the subject, and not only that, but to finding out for myself how many of the accidents and crimes recorded in our daily papers could be only the result of the liquor traffic, and I was astonished to find how nearly all could be traced back to that either directly or indirectly. But here comes Charlie, he can tell you more than I can on the subject, for it was he who first set me to thinking about it.

[Enter Charlie]

CHARLIE.—What are you all talking about so earnestly?

MARY.—George has been trying to make us think as he does on the temperance question but I'm afraid he will not succeed.

CHARLIE.—I was just thinking about the time when George and I made up our minds to keep our eyes open as he called it. Don't you remember (turning to George) in one of our walks we saw a sight which haunted us for days afterwards?

GEORGE.—O, yes indeed, that poor old woman, how often I have thought of her since, and wondered what became of her.

ANNIE.—What was it?

CHARLIE.—It was an old woman, away down in one of the worst streets, running across toward a low, corner grog shop, a sweet looking little girl was holding on to her with such a sad startled look on her face who just as they were nearing the shop, threw her arms round her and tried to drag her back.

GEORGE.—The woman had perfectly white hair, and the wildest look in her eyes.

MARY.—And did she go into the shop?

CHARLIE.—O, yes, she shook off the little girl and made one rush for the door.

GEORGE.—And that is only one of the things we saw, every day something quite as bad met us in our walks, and after just one week of such sights, I said to myself, Can I do anything to help put a stop to this terrible curse, the drink traffic?

MARY.—But hundreds of people drink wine all their lives, and never become drunkards.

GEORGE.—I know that, but even those who do not actually become what we call *drunkards, must do themselves great* harm.

MARY.—How?

GEORGE.—Because alcohol is a deadly poison, and cannot be taken into the system even in small quantities without injuring both body and brain.

CHARLIE.—It seems to me, if it didn't hurt me at all, I could have nothing to do with it now, since I have seen what misery it brings on other people.

ANNIE.—Well if you like being teetotalers, go on, but I think you are giving yourselves a great deal of trouble for the little you can do to stop the drinking.

MARY.—And then people only laugh at you.

CHARLIE.—Yes, we do get laughed at and called teetotalers, but I say as the little Band of Hope girl in England said once. "I would just as soon be called teetotaler, as not, but I should be very sorry indeed if anyone could call me a drunkard.

GEORGE.—And as to not being able to do very much, why every little helps you know. Every one, small or big, has some influence either for good or bad, and God will call us to account for the way in which we use our influence.

ANNIE.—When do you have your Band of Hope meetings?

CHARLIE.—Every Friday, be sure and come next Friday, just to see what it is like.

Exit.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON IV.—ALCOHOL IN BUSINESS—CONTINUED.

What department of business is among the next to railways in the number of persons employed and the wages paid?

Trade.

What is trade?

Trade is the exchanging of one kind of goods for another kind, or the purchase or sale of goods for money.

Do merchants employ persons as agents, accountants, salesmen, or saleswomen who are known to be in the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

Rarely, and then only from necessity.

Why not?

Because no person can be depended upon to do business wisely and well with alcohol in the brain.

What business ranks with trade in the number of persons employed?

Manufacture.

What is manufacture?

Manufacture is converting raw material of any kind into something suitable for use, either by the hand or machinery.

Do manufacturers employ persons as agents, superintendents, overseers, or in other responsible positions who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

They do not, if others can be obtained.

Do persons who employ others to do common labor, choose those who use, habitually, alcoholic drinks, in preference to those of equal ability who never use them?

They do not. The preference is given to persons of equal ability who are sober.

Are there any among the commonest occupations into which the habitual use of alcoholic drinks is a help?

There are none. On the contrary, their use is always a hinderance, and generally prevents employment.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MARKETING.

Of beef, the sirloin, rib and rump pieces are used for roasting. For steaks we prefer the sirloin called "porter house," in New York. Many people object to sirloin roasts and steaks as being more expensive than other kinds, but we do not find them so, as a series of dinners follows the first appearance of the sirloin, which, in the end, makes a delicious soup. Nothing equals the flavor obtained from broiled or roasted sirloin bones in soups. The first day's roast, for instance is followed by a dinner of cold meat, and a dish of meat dumplings the next day. The third day, by an Irish stew. The fourth day a steak or other simple dish is supplemented by a soup, for which the bones and scraps of meat are boiled five or six hours the day before the soup is needed, strained, and set in a cool place.

In the morning, skim off the fat, slice two potatoes thin, and put with the broth into a porcelain kettle or saucepan, add a tablespoonful of rice, and let it heat gradually. When it has boiled an hour, salt to taste, add a chopped carrot, and, if liked, a small onion, and any other vegetables, also chopped. Cook slowly an hour and a half, and serve. If celery is plenty, use no vegetables but the sliced potatoes, and, half an hour before serving, add the freshest leaves from a bunch of celery, and a few of the outer stalks cut fine. When done, strain through a colander into a warm tureen.

This is a nice foundation for a tomato soup also, using a pint of canned tomato, instead of the celery or other vegetables, adding them an hour before the soup is done, and strain like the celery soup, always using the rice and potatoes to thicken the soup, it being nicer than flour, a little of which browned, we sometimes add to give flavor.

Soup is usually accompanied by toasted bread, cut in small squares and kept in a hot oven, till sent to the table. Pile on a folded napkin laid over a warm plate, when ready to serve.

Rib roasts are used in the same manner, at our house. The rump pieces have little or no bone, and are preferred by many people on that account. Rump steak is also nice. For stews, pies, etc., the round and shoulder pieces are best, and if one is near a large city market there is no steak with a finer flavor than the "top" round. The tenderloin is considered by some the choicest cut, but it is inferior in nourishment to almost any other.

Of mutton or lamb the leg or loin are the best, the shoulder being a favorite part with many people, although there is sufficient waste to make up for its lower price. The loin has a great deal of fat, but is very nice for chops or a roast, but the leg roasted or boiled is the most economical, being like the sirloin or rib of beef, capable of being made into several savory dishes. If a shoulder of mutton is bought, it should be boned before being brought from the market. It is very good stuffed and baked, and can be easily carved, but if not boned cannot be stuffed, and is very difficult to cut.—*Household.*

NO TIME TO READ.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

How many times I have heard women say, "I would like to attend lectures on art, or literature, or I would like to perfect myself in a language, but I have not the time. I scarcely find time to read two books in a year." Some of them spoke the truth, but the assertions of the others were open to criticism. Not content with bearing and doing what nature and necessity had laid upon them, these women had themselves heaped up a load of sewing, housekeeping, and social duties, till they might as well attempt to find time for thought and quiet for study under the wheels of the Juggernaut. Saxe Holm once said, "I would have everything in the house, as clean as a china cup," and for my part, I would have no woman cultivate her mind if by so doing she must have a slovenly home. Indeed there would be a vital defect in any such culture. But to keep a house delicately clean and in order is one thing, and to fill it with fancy work, which is the most difficult sort of litter to keep free from dust, is another. To supply a family with an abundance of well-fitting undergarments is a weary task; but if each one of the garments must have miles and miles of ruffles and trimmings it becomes work fit only to be given to convicts who are sentenced to hard labor. A few calls and pleasant visits, and a few friendly tea-fights in the course of a year, brighten and cheer one up; but a formal acquaintance with a whole town, and formal and burdensome entertainments of all sorts, ought never to be undertaken save by those unfortunates who are compelled to do it.

I am convinced that at least one quarter of the work performed by women is unnecessary, and that the world would get on quite as well without it. It is like the ottoman cover I once saw a lady working. She was all bent up, and was putting her eyes out counting stitches. "I don't get any time for reading," she said plaintively, as she picked up some beads on a needle. you must have a great deal of leisure." And yet she had spent more time embroidering a ridiculous dog on a piece of broadcloth than I had spent with my books in a year, and when the work was done she covered it up with a lace tidy and put it in a dark corner where the sun would not fade it, and threatened to cut off the children's ears if they ever sat upon it. It did not have the poor merit of being economical, for the price of the materials would have bought enough handsome damask for two covers. A friend of mine tells of seeing a squaw seat herself by the town pump, unroll a bundle of calico, cut out a dress, make it, put it on and walk off, all in about two hours. I have always regretted that he did not continue the story by telling me that the squaw spent her abundant leisure beautifully. I would not have women reduce their sewing to quite so simple a performance, but a good deal would be gained if they thought more about living and less about its accidents. To fill time, to pass it busily, is not to use it. Labor in itself is not worthy. The meanest work that makes home a lovely sacred place is consecrated, and fit for the hands of a queen; but delicate work that ministers to no human need, even if it has artistic merit to recommend it, if it consumes the hours a woman ought to use training her mind to think, and her eyes to see, and making her brains something more than a mere filling for her skull, is but busy idleness, and a waste of time. I hope the day will come when every woman who can read will be ashamed of the columns "for the ladies," printed in some of our papers, and which tell with more sarcastic emphasis than any words of mine how some women choose to spend their leisure. Surely if they have time to follow intricate directions for making all sorts of trimming, not so good as that sold in the shops at two cents a yard, and for crocheting all sorts of flummediddles, they may, if they will, find a few moments in which to read a book.—*Christian Union.*

TRAINING THE LITTLE ONES.

BY NELLIE BURNS.

Some time since, as I stood with other waiting customers in a dry-goods store, a fashionably dressed lady entered, accompanied by a fair, flaxen-haired little girl of about five years of age. They had just left a confectioner's stand, and as the result of her purchase the mother carried in her hand a paper of candy. As they approached the place where I was standing I heard the child teasing for the candy. The mother refused to give it to her, and her rather mild teasing assumed the form of a half crying command, and upon being reproached in an impatient tone by the mother, and again refused, she threw herself at full length upon the floor and indulged in such a series of kickings and screamings as to attract the attention of every one in the store. The mortified mother hastily assured the child that if she would get up, and be a good girl, she would give her the candy; upon which assurance the little victor arose, and after securing her prize, looked around on her spectators with the smile and air of one who had conquered. On the faces of those who had witnessed the scene there was an amused expression, but to me there was nothing in the sight to produce a smile. Such an outburst of temper and such a conquest on the part of that little girl had a deeper significance than was at first apparent to those witnesses.

When I thought how ignorant she was of what was right and wrong, and how dependent was her conduct on the teaching she received, I knew she was not to blame for this act. If her mother had taught her no lessons of obedience, and she had been allowed to indulge in such conduct at home, it made but little difference to her as to the time and place of giving vent to her enraged feeling. So, instead of reproaching her for being guilty of this most repulsive act, I pitied her for being the victim of so wretched and ruinous a form of parental government. If, in the short space of her young life, the discipline she had received had been productive of such bad behavior, there could be no doubt that it would in time destroy all the natural goodness in the child's nature.

From my own experience in dealing with children, I know they very soon learn if they are to govern or be governed. And as gratifying their wishes is the only thought by which they are guided, they become the severest little tyrants if there is no restraint on their actions.—*Christian Union.*

OLD-FASHIONED SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, well beaten, two cups of granulated sugar, then one cup of sifted flour, a little at a time, then another in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mixed, flavor, and pour in one-half cup of almost boiling water. You will think it needs more flour, but do not add any, or you will spoil the cake,

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of milk, one pint of sugar, one pint of yeast or sponge, two-thirds pint of shortening, two eggs, one small teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Wet up warm at night, wrap up well, and in the morning roll and cut out, let stand while the fat heats, fry, not too quickly.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—Juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, two-thirds tablespoonful of corn-starch mixed smooth and boiled a few minutes in one-half pint of water, and a small piece of butter while hot, two eggs, whites and yokes beaten separately, and whites added last. Bake with one crust.

CREAM FOR CAKE.—Half a pint of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of starch, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and flavor to taste. Scald the milk, beat the eggs (yolks and whites separately), sugar, starch and flour together, boil until it forms a custard, and spread between the layers.

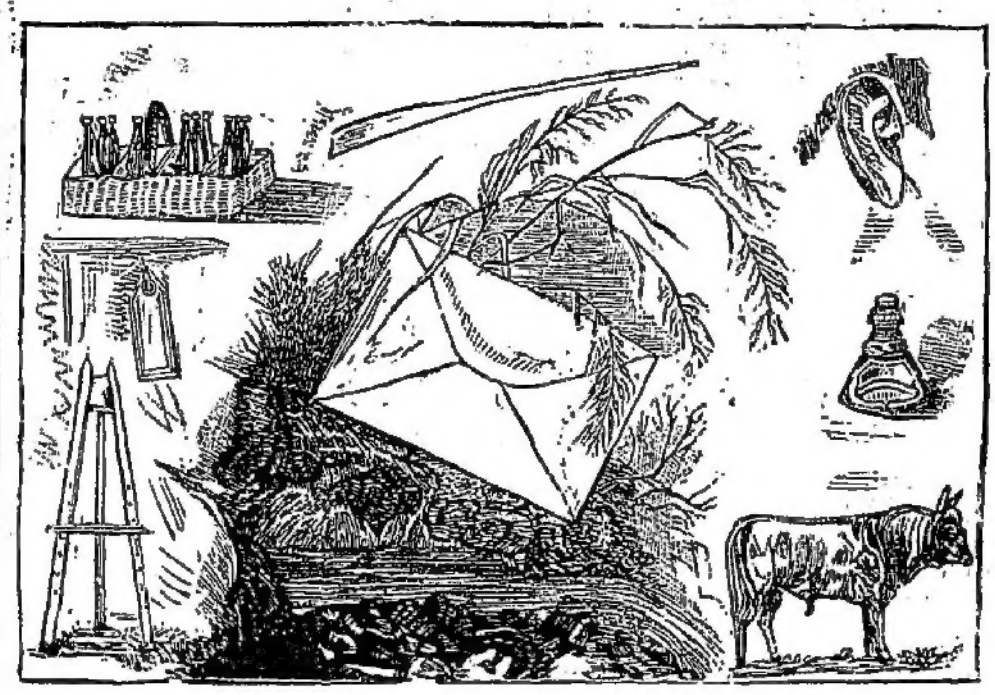
SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one heaping cup of shortening, (I use part butter and part lard), two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, salt, nutmeg, or flavor as you please. One can make half the quantity if one likes.

SIMPLE DESSERT.—Put eight crackers in a deep dish, pour enough boiling water over them to just cover them, and when soaked (which will not take longer than five minutes) grate a little nutmeg over, sprinkle with sugar, cover with cream, and serve. Try it.

BUFFALO CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

PUZZLES.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



The envelope in the middle of this picture is supposed to contain a number of letters. These letters taken from the envelope and placed before the names of the several objects shown in the picture, will transform them into the names of wild animals.

WORD-PUZZLE.

My whole a vaulted space above extends,
Or a name to some house of prayer it lends.
Curtailed, a title answers your demand
Still known in the Prince of Beira's land;
Again curtail me and regard with care,
No new idea, but just the same is there.
Once more, a Roman numeral meets your eyes.
Behead,—the cockney's home before you lies;
Behead again, a State, in brief, you'll see,
Now don't you know just what is found in me?
For the last time behead me and a vowel find,
Or else one point recall to mind
Of that which is the sailor's friend,
And guides him to his journey's end.
Then take my last and put before my first,
And when you've done this, only read reversed
To see that fashion of which we're the toy,
Gay fashion, whose "brightest arts decoy."

CHARADE.

My first is something to wear;
My last is something to eat;
My whole, I can safely declare,
Is naught but a simple conceit.

REMAINDERS.

1. Behead a healthy state of body and leave a drink.
2. Behead a planet three times and leave a series of musical notes.
3. Behead a simple vegetable and leave what boys and girls enjoy in winter.
4. Behead to look intently and leave a slit or opening.

ENIGMA.

1. A word of five letters gives an article of use in peace and war.
2. Transpose and find what you do at school.
3. Behead and find a fruit?
4. Again, and find a vegetable.
5. Transpose and find a monkey.
6. Behead twice, curtail twice, and you will see what makes a man mean.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

1, Wood-peck-er; 2, Man-i-fold; 3, Per-co-late.

SURNAMES OF DICKENS' CHARACTERS.—1. Pecksniff. 2. Nickleby. 3. Copperfield. 4. Swiveller. 5. Bagstock. 6. Bardell. 7. Jenny Wren. 8. Flite. 9. Flintwich. 10. Small-weed. 12. Prig. 13. Deadlock. 14. Wrayburn.

WORD SQUARE.

P U R I M
U N I T Y
R I F T S
I T T A I
M Y S I A

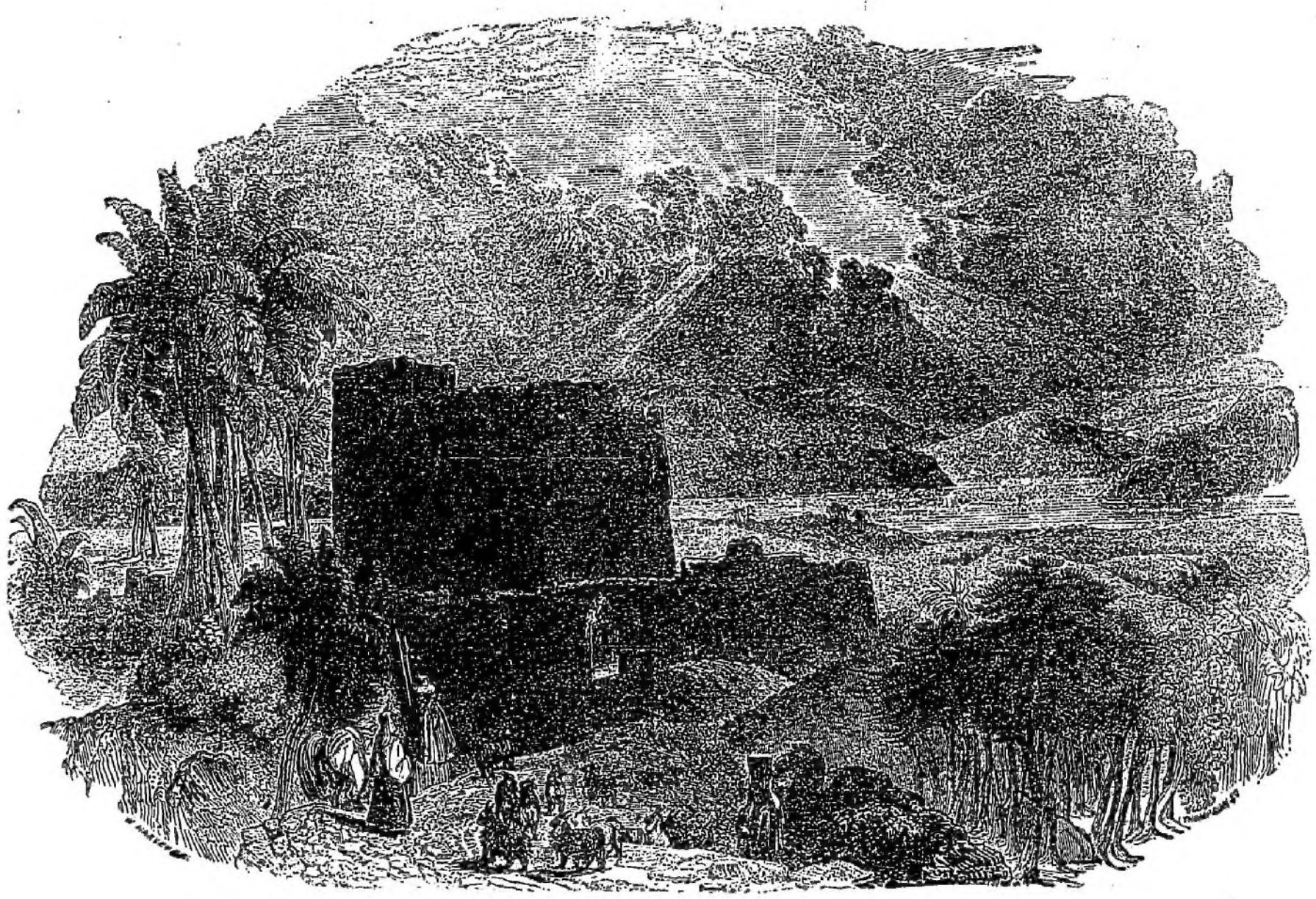
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Switzerland.

JERICHO.

One of the most fascinating stories in the whole Bible is the story of the fall of the great city of Jericho, without the hand of man being lifted against it. Who has not pictured the scene as described in the sixth chapter of Joshua? The men of the city were terrified at the host that came, dryshod, across the Jordan, and shut their gates. "None went out, and none came in." But what could mighty walls, and barred gates avail when the Lord said to Joshua, "I have given into thine hand Jericho and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor!" How vividly this first conquest in the Land of Canaan must have shewn the children of Israel that they had not to depend upon their own power, but solely upon the arm of God. Once every day for six days they walked around the doomed city, no sound coming from all that vast host save the blast of the trumpets which the priests carried before the ark. On the seventh day they compassed the city seven times starting about the dawning of the day. Only at the end of the last round was the silence broken. Then "Joshua said unto the people, Shout, for the Lord hath given you the victory." Then as the mighty shout arose from the multitude and the last terrific blast from the trumpets rent the air, the great walls of the city fell down flat, and each warrior went up, "every man straight before him, and they took the city," and, except the household of Rahab, who had sheltered the spies, every man, woman and child, and every animal, fell by the sword, and the place was burned with fire.

The city was thus completely destroyed, and a curse was pronounced against any one who should rebuild it. The first attempt to do so was made by a man named Hiel in the time of Ahab, when the curse pronounced by Joshua was fulfilled. Although not rebuilt before this, the place still retained its name, Here the messengers of David stayed until their beards were grown, when they had been cut off by the Ammonites as an insult to the king. (2 Sam. X.) Here too, as we learn form 2 Kings II., there was a school of the prophets in the time of Elijah. It was the second city in Palestine in the time of Christ, and Herod the Great erected many fine buildings in it, and made it his winter residence. It was on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho that the man fell among thieves and was taken care of by the Good Samaritan.

The country around Jericho was very fertile, and the city itself was called The City of Palm Trees. But little now remains of its former grandeur. The groves of palm trees are all gone. The accompanying picture, which shows that it has still much of natural beauty, gives a view of it as it may be seen to-day. The square tower was probably built about the time of the Crusades. The present village, which is called Rihah, is merely a group of dirty huts, and is described by Dr. Olin as "the meanest and foulest village in Palestine."



DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

"Eight times three!" said Willie Wilson, impatiently. "Oh, what is the matter with me. Can't I get that right?"

"Come on, Willie!" shouted the boys at the window; "we can't wait; finish your lesson afterward."

"O yes," said Willie. "Afterward! I know all about him; he has cheated me many a time, and I have no faith in him. Nine times four are thirty-six."

"Bother nine times four! It is time we were off, and we shall have to go without you."

"I should like to bother it," said Willie; "it is giving me bother enough. How much is it, anyhow?"

"One hundred and seventy-nine. Now, come on this minute, or we shall go without you."

"Look here, Harry Jones," said Willie, looking up a minute from his work; "this is the last example in our lesson. I've got all the others, and I know I shan't have any more time for arithmetic, and I don't mean to stir from this corner till I get this bothering old fellow right. I've gone over him three times now, and it won't come; if I have to do it three hundred times I mean to have it. So there!"

"Bother take the old example, anyhow!" said Harry, in his crossest tone. "Come on, boys; we can't lose all the fun waiting till midnight for him;" and away every boy went.

"Nine times four are thirty-four," said Willie, patiently; and though of course it was not right, and never will be, he worked away just as steadily; and when he found he was wrong again he said, talking to himself, "Now, look here? You think you are going to beat me, don't you? Well, you were never more mistaken in your life. My name is Persevere Wilson. Father said I had earned that name, and that I should have it as long as I deserved it; and I hope you don't think I am going to lose my name and my place in the class just to please you."

Then he began again slowly, and patiently, each figure carefully studied, and at last the example "proved itself," and Willie, with a soft hurrah and a loud yawn, got up from his corner. The last glimmer of twilight was fading. No use to talk of ball-playing now; fun was over for that evening.

"I don't care," said Willie, as he went up to bed; "it will be more fun for me than for the others when the roll of examples is called to-morrow."

Sure enough! "Master Willie," said Professor Bennett, looking up over his spectacles, "you are the only member of the class to be marked 'Perfect' to-day. There was more ball-playing than perseverance by the rest of the class I fear."—*Young Reaper.*

LEGEND OF THE ELEPHANT.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or waggons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulties they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied:

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could never reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a brass gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the brass gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or leaning against the trees and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

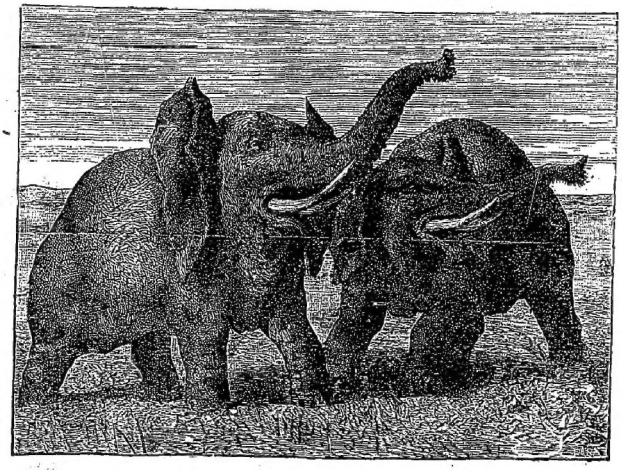
"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.—*St. Nicholas.*



A SAVAGE PAIR.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SNAKES?

C. C. Hopey, in his very interesting work on "Snakes," writes of their usefulness as follows:

"Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, 'What is the use of them?' In one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of 'going on their belly,' lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die, and produce pestilence.

"Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, etc, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limit while the latter perform their part among the lesser creatures.

The Family Circle.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

YOUNG SIX-FOOT, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT,

(Author of "Little Rainbow, A Navvy Boy," "Lost and Found: A Navvy Winter Tale," Etc.)

CHAPTER I.

The ganger stood with his legs apart and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his velveteen shooting coat. He was a broadly made, powerful man, with a red, determined face and grizzled hair. A face to dread when ablaze with passion; but pleasant enough now, as, with a quizzical half-smile, he looked down on the little figure before him. The ganger was not a tall man, but he looked so in comparison with the child.

A very small thin boy he was, with a little peeky face and quick eyes. He waited, with an independent, self-reliant air and an amusing bearing of equality and brotherhood for his answer.

"So that's what you want, young Six-foot, is it? Work on this here dock? And what can you do?"

"Anything a chap like me has to do."

"Ah; but then, you see, we have no lad your size; most of 'em would make two of you."

"Try me, master; I must get on somewhere, and mother and me is tired of being on tramp with two children. Do try me; I'm used to carrying and fetching, and spragging and points, and such-like. We've lived on both lines and other docks, but I'm main fond o' horses, and I expect I'll soon be big enough for a driver."

The ganger burst into a hearty laugh, for just then a team of the gigantic creatures came past, led by their driver, in correct costume of blue-plush waistcoat, adorned with large pearl buttons, knee-breeches, and blue woollen stockings. The horses, too, were as smart as horses could be made; their skins shone like satin, their tails were tied up in knobs with straw, and their manes and forelocks were plaited in many bands with gaily colored braids.

"See, Punch!" cried the ganger; "this little chap's come about a driver's place. Will he do for Curley's job? he's got the sack this morning."

"Nay," returned Punch, smiling as he too looked down on the small boy. "I think he's hardly big enough for tipping yet he'd soon get killed; though Old Bess unhooks herself a deal cleverer than Curley could do it."

The child, ashamed and daunted by the men's laughter, had much ado to keep back his tears, and it was in a choking voice he mumbled—"I said some day when I was big enough."

"Well, well, my lad, you'll grow when you get some more beef and pudding into you, no fear. Here Bill!" called the ganger "don't you want a lad?"

A burly blacksmith was passing with a sack with tools in it flung across his shoulder.

"Yes."

"Will this young Six-foot do?"

"Not likely. He's so small; he's only a very temporary little 'un."

"I'm not; I'm a right navvy. I was born on Wansdale Harbor Works, I were; ask my mother."

"You'll have to give him a trial, Ben," laughed the ganger.

"All right, young shaver; come along," said the blacksmith, smiling.

"Thank you, master. I think we've settled nicely."

"Well, we shall see that on Saturday. You'll get what you earn, and not a farthing more."

"All right," and, with a nod, the boy turned away towards the forge.

And so young Six-foot was engaged. He was not strong, and did not always find it easy work, carrying the picks back after they had been sharpened, or sorting out correctly a number of chisels when he took them to the stone-masons' sheds; but he was such a willing business-like little fellow, and so small, that in a rough sort of way he grew to be a kind of pet amongst the men, and being pronounced by Ben on the pay day, "Worth as much as any boy he'd had," nine shillings were pushed out to young Six-foot who had to reach up to take them from the little wooden ledge, as his week's wages. He at once walked soberly away up the road which crossed the hill behind the works. When he reached its brow he turned and looked back.

He saw the blacksmiths' shop, the masons' and wheelwrights' sheds, the stables, and the pay-office clustered together far below him. A swarming gray crowd of men, every moment lessening, as passing the pay-window they dispersed in various directions, gave life to the scene. Not far off from the other buildings were two rows of wooden huts, their roofs covered with felt, tarred black; but these were not enough to lodge a sixth of the navvies, and therefore every cottage in the village below, and every building which could be turned into a habitation for miles around, was let to them. Some were even obliged to walk five or six miles to and from their work each day to reach their homes.

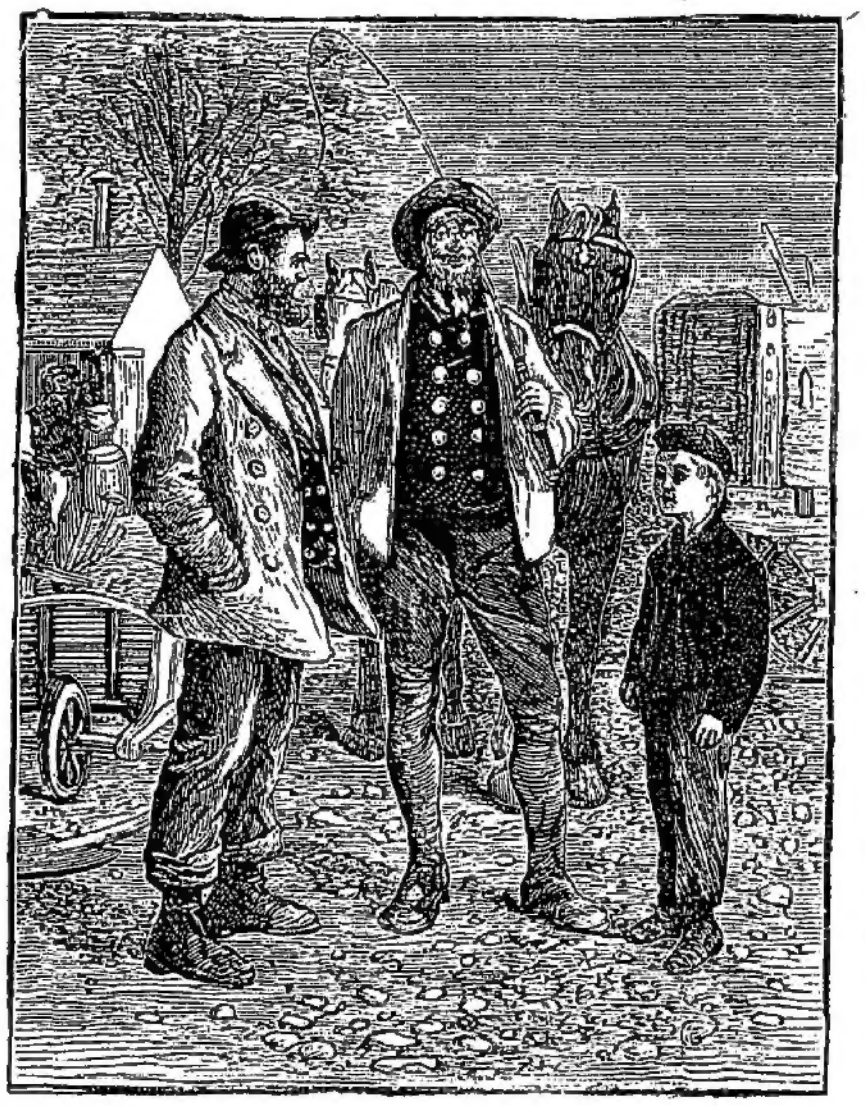
But Six-foot was not watching the workmen, as one white figure after another lessened in the distance. He was gazing at a woman slowly approaching him up a side road from a gray farmhouse, which stood away by itself in the fields. It was a large, rambling place, quickly tumbling into decay when, fortunately for the owner, the navvies came into the neighborhood. He thereupon roughly patched it up, and let it out in three tenements at the rent each of a good house. The building was at least a mile from the works, but he readily met with tenants.

The woman had a basket on her arm. Another minute young Six-foot was sure who it was, and ran to meet her. Her face lit up with a smile as she heard his shout and saw him coming.

"Give me the basket, mother! Look here; here's my week's wage. Have you seen old master? Can we have that there place?"

"Yes; he says now you're in regular work we can; but he'll do nothing at it only put a fireplace in and one window. He has them left over from there. And she pointed back to the farmhouse.

"What's the rent?"



"Two shillin' a week."

"That's a lot. Won't he do a bit at the door, mother?"

"No," she said wearily. "Everything seems against us like."

"Nay, mother; I'll take the door in hand. It's a good job we've gotten work and a house to ourselves at last.

"We've been a weary while in finding on it. Dear me! I never thought when I married your father I and ha' come to this. I'd as good two feather-beds as anybody could lie on, and to-night we shall have naught better nor straw."

"To-night, mother? Are us going in to-night?" the little boy asked joyfully.

"Yes; besent the winder and fireplace up first thing, and they'll be fixed by now. If we stop till Monday, old granny 'ill mak' us pay another week's rent. So we'll flit this afternoon. Mrs. Nobby's given me a scrubbing-brush, and you'll get me some sand-stone off the quarry."

"Yes, mother; and we've got a kettle and a pail of our own, you know."

But the poor woman was too tired to answer the boy; and when they reached "Granny's," as the old woman's cottage was generally called, where for the past week they had been lodging, she was so exhausted that she sank feebly into a chair; and when a little girl of six years old and a sturdy boy of four rushed in and fell like two young wolves on the basket, she could only say, "Fred, give 'em some, and save the rest for to-morrow."

"Now, children, behave, or you'll get none," said Six-foot sternly. Paying far more attention to their brother than they had done to their mother, the children sat down on the floor and waited until he had made his mother a cup of tea, and divided half the bread and cold potatoes and pudding as he thought right. Then, with an injunction to his mother, to "Stay still," young Six-foot, intrusting the pail to his sister's care, and carrying the kettle and brush himself, set off for their new house.

It was a stone cow-house in the corner of a distant field. A trough and old pump stood near. Outside, a rough chimney and a small window, which consisted of four panes of glass, were to be seen. Inside, the walls were rough and unplastered. The room was open to the rafters and slated roof; and the floor might have been earth, so little did the pavement show. In one corner of the place was a pile of rotten wood apparently old stack rests.

"Now, young 'un," said Six-foot, "this here's our house, and we've got to clean it. You be off, Priss, to fetch sand-stones—good rubbers, mind. You, John William, stay with me."

So the work began. Three hours later, Ben and Punch, who were strolling out, accompanied by a very small dog with very large ears, saw smoke arising from the lonely cow-house. Snuff ran forward, and his glad bark brought the two men to the spot. A cheerful fire was glowing within the bars of the fireplace; the floor was cleanly scoured and sanded; the wood was neatly piled in one corner, all but a long, square piece which, resting on some bricks, formed a seat by the wall.

"The children have gone to fetch mother" said Six-foot: "and when she comes I'm off to get some straw for a bed. This is our house, mates."

"Ain't you going to whiten the walls?" asked Ben.

"No; I can't afford, not yet. I must have some bits o' furniture first."

"Well, you would be better for a chair or two and mayhap a table," remarked Punch.

"Yes; and it's very unfortunit, but Daddy Green's selling off at huts to-day, and his sticks are only poor 'uns. Now next week we might ha' managed to have bought some. Howivver—here's mother!" which was the signal of departure to Ben and Punch.

Six-foot had been twice to a farm at some distance off, and had dragged home, with much labor and many stoppings, two trusses of straw, for which he paid a shilling. His mother had arranged it in one corner of the room, and covered it with an old quilt and her only shawl. Here Priss and John William were already sleeping, and Six-foot and his mother were just going to join them when the door, to which there was no lock, was suddenly thrown open.

"Give us a light," cried a voice. "We'd hard work to tie 'em on." And there stood a hand-cart with some dark objects piled on it, and Punch and Ben with faces streaming with perspiration.

"Lend a hand, Six-foot," said Punch. "There's one chair; there's another; here's a table; that's a bed-stock, sacking wants mending tho.' There are some pots and cups and plates—oddments, missus—in this box."

"Have you been to Daddy's sale, mates?"

"Yes, we have; but this was the last lot; we was only just in time."

Six-foot whispered something to his mother, and then said, with a business-like air, laying two shillings on the table, "This is on account, mates. Happen as I'm in regular work you'll trust me for the rest till next pay."

The men looked at one another and then laughed—"Of all the old uns. It's too good!"

"Nay," cried Ben, giving Six-foot such a slap on the back that it sent him half across the floor as he thrust the money back into the child's hand; "you take that and travel, my son."

What with the stinging in his back, what with happiness, what with weariness, Six-foot burst into tears; but no one saw the tell-tale drops save his mother, for the two navvies were already racing the hand-cart home. Happy little Six-foot! he dreamt that night the house was white-washed and there were bright pictures on the walls!

(To be Continued.)

HOW KATHIE HELPED.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

Kathie was a hunchback. There is a world of suffering and disappointment in that two-syllabled word. If her body was feeble, her mind was bright and her heart brave. Some way Kathie had fallen into the habit of going to meet her father, just of late I mean, for it cost her quite an effort to hobble down the hill on her crutches. Saturday night was the worst;-for then the hands at the handle factory were paid their week's wages, and Kathie Artley's father seldom got home without leaving the most of his at the village grog shop. Sunday instead of being spent in the service of the Master, was a day of drunken stupor, and it was generally Tuesday before he was able to go to work again. David was a good workman, and always begged so hard when the proprietor threatened to turn him off, that time and again he had been allowed to return. But the "sprees" were growing on him; and Kathie's mother, who had tried many plans for saving him, was now quite discouraged.

The cottage was still theirs; and this home, humble as it was, proved a great blessing to them. Mrs. Artley had a faculty of making things bright and cheerful—homey, so to speak. Through all trials and discouragements she never forgot to trust in, and to serve the Master. Not even when in liquor was Mr. Artley unkind to Kathie; and she in turn loved her father very much indeed. How often she prayed for him! Never doubting but that in God's own good time her prayers would be answered.

Things were growing worse, as I have said, when one night Mrs. Artley told all her fears to Kathie: and Kathie, with tear-wet cheeks and a heavy heart, promised to do all she could to help save her father.

"I will go to meet him every night," she resolved, and from that time she was always at the foot of the hill. Then, too, they made an extra effort to brighten up the home, for little efforts go a great way sometimes towards making up the sum of human happiness.

"Father," said Kathie one morning, tying a warm comforter, made by her own busy fingers, around his neck. "It is cold and snowy, but I'll be at the foot of the hill to meet you to-night. Come a little earlier, won't you? This is your birthday and we'll have something you like for tea,"

"Bless you, child! you're all I want," exclaimed David Artley, turning away to hide his emotion.

It was Saturday morning. Kathie did long so for some assurance that her father would not get on a spree that night, and then she made up her mind to do something she had never done before. She had knitted a pair of mittens for Amy Dunn, who lived near the factory, for Kathie was handy and industrious far beyond her years. She had intended sending them by her father; but no, she would start early in the afternoon and take them herself, then at six o'clock she would be at the factory door waiting for father. When the bell rang she was there promptly.

"You here?" exclaimed David, who came out arm in arm with Jack Doyle, an associate Kathie and her mother had every reason to fear.

"Are you ready, father?" queried Kathie, in her low, pleading voice. "Mrs. Dunn has sent some peach jam to you and mother, and we are to have light biscuits. Do come, father."

Kathie's hand was on his arm, her voice was in his ears, and David Artley turned suddenly away from his half-jeering companions and went home with his child.

Anxious about Kathie, Mrs. Artley had come to the foot of the hill. Hope had been singing in her heart all the afternoon. An old neighbor had remembered that it was not only Mr. Artley's birthday, but their wedding anniversary, and sent a well-filled basket. Perhaps it cost the giver some slight sacrifice, but the happiness it brought to that humble family was worth twice the effort.

Carefully folded away in a trunk was a relic of better and happier days—Mrs. Artley's wedding dress. More than one tear was hid in its soft, brown folds, as she shook it out and determined to put it on. "David will be pleased," she thought; and Kathie, before she went out, had said: "Put on your wedding-dress, mother: you know you wore it once on my birthday, and father thought you looked so nice."

When all was ready, the table set with extra care, the one geranium that always bloomed in the window moved to the centre of the table, the Bible, her only brother's wedding gift, was placed on the little stand near the lamp.

David liked a good meal, but how often had he forgotten to provide it for his patient wife and child! He liked a bright home, and cheerful faces, too, and as he walked along with Kathie he saw more clearly than he had ever done before the efforts his wife and child had made in his behalf.

He gave a little start of pleasure when he saw his wife waiting by the great oak at the foot of the hill.

"Are we late, mother?" asked Kathie; and in the same breath Mr. Artley asked:

"Is there anything the matter, Dorothy?"

"Nothing, only—"

Here Mrs. Artley's voice failed her, and Kathie supplied:

"This is your birth-day, and yours and mother's wedding day, and we wanted to make you happy."

"God helping us, we will be a happy family once more," returned her father.

His tones were very earnest, and he had never spoken before of relying on God's help, so the happy wife and child could only say amen in their hearts. Reaching home, Mr. Artley noted that everything had been prepared with unusual care, even to placing the Bible where it had been wont to lay in the first years of their married life. "If father would only ask a blessing," thought Kathie, as they sat down to tea. For the first time in years Mr. Artley bowed his head and said "grace" It was a happy moment for all, one which was never forgotten. From that time on there was a change in David Artley. He would often say to Kathie, "If you had not met me at the factory door, I would have gone off with Jack Doyle that night, and still been on the downward road."

God bless the little ne.pers! By and through them many a fallen one has been reclaimed They are God's angels, ministering in ways we wot not of.—*Church and Home.*

A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

It is a Christian duty to be well. Once I ridiculed the dogma laid down by a celebrated teacher that it is a sin to be sick. And I still believe it to be wrong to say so. In this world of disease and death, it is impossible for all to avoid illness always. We bear about in our bodies the seeds of sickness. Germs of mortal ailments float in the brightest sunlight. We inhale them while ministering to those whom we love and serve. Therefore it is not true in the abstract that it is a sin to be sick. But it is fearfully true that the larger part of our physical suffering is the result of our imprudence, neglect of well-known duty or positive violation of the obvious laws of health. These laws violated in youth may not be followed by capital punishment at once, but the time will come when the penalty must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Murder will out. And if the boy or young man, the young pastor, or man of business does those things that ought not to be done, and so hurts his eyes, or his lungs, or his voice, the tax-gatherer will come for him, and he will have to settle up. He feels so well that in his folly and ardor he thinks he can study night and day, preach three times on Sunday, eat late suppers, visit every day, burn the candle at both ends, and never say die. There is a limit to human endurance. Common-sense is not altogether a lost sense. And it stands to reason that a harp of a thousand strings will not keep in tune seventy years, if it is played on all the while. Some of the strings will break, and if you do not keep a bright look-out the whole concern, like the parson's chaise, will go all to pieces at once. There is a silly motto attributed to some distinguished preacher, "Better wear out than rust out." What is the use of doing either? A man who shortens his days by overtasking himself is a suicide, and he who lays himself up in cotton when he ought to be at work is a drone deserving many stripes. Another saying has driven many a good Christian to an untimely grave: "A man is immortal till his work is done." True, our times are in the hand of Him who setteth up one and putteth down another. But a Christian worker who neglects the laws of health on the miserable plea that God will take care of him, might as well jump of the Brooklyn Bridge expecting that Providence will spare his life to go to a prayer-meeting over the river.—*Irenæus in N. Y. Observer.*

BIBLE WORDS ABOUT GIVING A PORTION OF OUR SUBSTANCE TO THE WORK OF THE LORD.

1. God claims a portion of our substance.
And all the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord.—Lev. 27:30.

2. Withholding this claim is to rob God.
Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.—Mal. 3:8.

3. Therefore the claim should be attended to promptly.
And as soon as the commandment came abroad, the children of Isreal brought in abundance the first fruits of corn, wine and oil, and honey, and of all the increase of the field; and the tithes of all the things brought they in abundantly.—2 Chron. 31:5.

4. Worldly prosperity promised to those who honor God with their substance.
Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—Prov. 3:9, 10.

5. It is accepted according to what a man hath.
For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—2 Cor. 8:12.

6. It should be given willingly.
Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9:7.

7. Does poverty or limited means excuse any one from giving to the Lord?
They shall not appear before the Lord empty; every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee.—Deut. 16:17, 18.

8. Jacob's vow.
Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.—Gen. 28:22.

Will you act on these principles? If so, begin to-day.

"But now complete the doing also; that as there was the readiness to will, so there may be the completion also out of your ability. For if the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not."—2 Cor. 8:11, 12. *New Version.*

HOW CLAUDE CONQUERED.

He was such a bright, pretty boy, but he had such a quick temper; it just ruled him with a rod of iron. One day he came to his mother in a great distress of mind.

"O mother, what shall I do? I am just ashamed of myself."

"Have you ever prayed over it, my son?"

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose there was any use in taking such little things to God."

"He takes just as much notice of 'little things,' as you call them as of greater affairs."

"Please tell me how to take my tempers to him, mother. I'll just do anything to get rid of them."

"Every time you find yourself getting angry, stop and ask God to help you conquer."

"What shall I say when I ask him, mother?"

"Say, my child? Why, just the simplest words you can use. Speak just as you would when asking your earthly father for help."

"Yes, mother; but that seems so different, you know. I am not the least bit afraid of *papa.*"

"Why should you be afraid of your Heavenly Father? He has ever been most kind and good to you, giving you so many blessings and mercies."

"But I cannot see him as I can papa."

"No, but you can trust him, when you remember that he gave his only Son to save your soul."

"Yes, mother, so I can; but he seems so far away when I try to pray."

"But not too far away to hear the faintest whisper his children may utter. Try him, my dear child."

"I will, mother, the first time I find my temper getting the better of me."

And he did not have to wait long. During school hours that very afternoon one of his schoolmates provoked him, and the quick retort flew to his lips; but remembering his mother's words, he said softly to himself, "Help me to keep still, I pray Thee, and not say anything hateful."

God heard the little prayer, and helped Claude to keep still, greatly to his companion's astonishment, for Claude's "tempers" were the talk of the school. Of course this success in mastering his temper pleased and encouraged Claude very much indeed. But because of his victory gained so easily, he was not so careful next time, and the consequence was, he failed in controlling his temper, and all because he did not lift his soul in prayer immediately upon finding his temper getting the better of him.

Claude threw himself at his mother's feet upon his return from school, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"It's no use trying," he cried. "I thought I never would get angry again, and yet this very morning I slapped Willie Brown real hard, so that he cried, because he laughed when I dropped my slate-pencil and broke it."

"Shall I tell you how to impress this failure on your mind so that you will think better next time?"

"Yes, please."

"Pick out from among your playthings something pretty, and take it to Willie tomorrow morning. I think you will remember next time to ask God to help you keep your temper."

So Claude took a present to Willie next day, and found that his mother was right. Willie himself was astonished, and told each schoolmate the whole story. Boys are generous souls, and these boys were no exception to the general rule. They applauded Claude with much noisy demonstration, and this quite surprised him in turn, and made him determined to win their esteem, even as he had their scorn in the past.—*Ruth Argyle in The Child's Paper.*

MY INFLUENCE.—What is my influence; Are people who have most to do with me better-people or worse people on account of my relation to them? I saw the pestilential Campagna of Rome planted with the eucalyptus tree. In some way its waxy leaves counteract the poisonous malaria. No man, Christian by profession, or man of the world, will dispute the statement that there are moral influences in our society that poison the atmosphere like the exhalations of a swamp. Well, what am I to this tainted world—a eucalyptus tree or a poisoned ivy? In one word what is the moral effect of my influence?—*Bishop Cheny.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How many brothers had David, and who were the three eldest?
2. To whom and on what occasion did God say "For man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart"?
3. Who mourned at seeing his daughter.
4. The birthdays of what two men are mentioned in the Bible?
4. Who commanded the sun to stand still, and how long did it so remain?
6. Who was Solomon's mother?

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. An Old Testament prophet who said, "the just shall live by his faith."
2. An Old Testament prophet who says "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"
3. An Old Testament prophet who reproved David.
4. An Old Testament prophet (not Isaiah) who says, "Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."
5. A man who was put to death for lying.
6. An Old Testament prophet who said, "Consider your ways."

The first letters form the name of a good woman spoken of in the Old Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 11.

1. Deut. xxxiii. 25.
2. The defeat at Ai. Josh. vii. 4.
3. Because of the sin of Achan. Josh vii. 11 21.
4. Reuben, Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh; because it was a good land for their cattle. Num. xxxii. 33.
5. At the revolt of the ten tribes during the reign of Rehoboam. 1 Kings xii. 16.
6. Stephen. Acts. vii. 60.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.—Jesus, Emmanuel, Heaven Omega, Vine, Alpha, Holiness—*Jehovah.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Bessie Bastedo, Lizzie Little, Hannah Little, Minnie Riddle, Emma L. Hamilton and Alma Pearse.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.

July 15, 1883.] [Josh. 5: 10-15; 6: 1-5.

THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-15.

10. And the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho.

11. And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes, and parched corn in the self-same day.

12. And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.

13. And it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?

14. And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the LORD am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my lord unto his servant?

15. And the captain of the LORD'S host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy. And Joshua did so.

1. Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in.

2. And the LORD said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor.

3. And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days.

4. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets.

5 And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the rams' horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days."—HEB. 11: 30.

TOPIC.—Victory by Faith.

LESSON PLAN.—1. IN THE PROMISED LAND, vs 10-12. 2. THE CAPTAIN OF THE LORD'S HOST, vs. 13-15. 3. THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS, ch. 6: 1-5.

Time.—B.C. 1451. Place.—Gilgal, in the plains of Jericho.

INTRODUCTORY.

When the people had passed over the river, the priests brought up the ark from its channel. Twelve men preceded it, bearing from the river-bed twelve stones, which were placed upon the bank as a memorial of the miracle. Joshua also placed a similar memorial in the bed of the river. The waters returned to their accustomed channel. The people made their first encampment at a place afterward called Gilgal, near the Jordan, on the eastern extremity of the plain of Jericho. Circumcision and the passover were the two signs and seals of God's covenant with the Israelites. Both had been neglected during the sojourn in the wilderness, and both were now renewed. The time for the performance of these duties and the safety of the people while attending to them were secured by the miracle wrought at the Jordan.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 10. KEPT THE PASSOVER—for the third time after its institution; the first in Egypt on the night of their departure (Ex. 12: 21-28), and the second at Sinai the following year. Num. 9: 1, 2. THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF THE MONTH—the month Nisan; the time fixed by the law (See Ex. 12: 18; Num. 28: 16.) This was four days after crossing the Jordan. So the last thing done by the generation that was setting out for Canaan from Egypt was also the first thing done by the generation entering Canaan. V. 11. OLD CORN—grain found in the deserted storehouses of the inhabitants, who had fled away. PARCHED CORN—new grain taken from the field. V. 12. THE MANNA CEASED—after having been sent to them regularly for almost forty years. Ex. 16: 35. God will not supply by miracles what may be had without them. V. 13. WHEN JOSHUA WAS BY JERICHO—observing, it may be, the best point of attack. A MAN—one in the form of a man. WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN—the symbol of the warrior ready for his work of conquest. V. 14. AS CAPTAIN OF THE HOST OF THE LORD—as prince of the angels. He was none other than the Son of God, the eternal Word, appearing in that form which he was afterward to take for our redemption. V. 15. LOOSE THY SHOES—the same command that was given to Moses at the burning bush. Ex. 3: 5, 6. JOSHUA DID SO—knowing that he stood in the presence of Jehovah. The account of this visit is continued in the first five verses of chapter 6. V. 2. THE LORD—the same as the captain of the host of the Lord (ch. 5: 15), Jehovah Jesus, the Lord of angels. Heb. 1: 3. He came as a man of war to assure Joshua that he, the Lord, was fighting with Israel against Canaan. SAID UNTO JOSHUA—as soon as he had loosed his shoes from off his feet, as commanded in ch. 5: 15. I HAVE GIVEN—as though it were already in Joshua's possession. Vs. 3-5. Here the captain of the host of the Lord gives Joshua his special orders. For six days he was to march round the city once each day with the sound of trumpets, but without a voice, in the following order: 1. An advance guard of armed men; 2. Seven priests bearing seven trumpets; 3. A company of priests with the ark, the symbol of Jehovah's presence; 4. The remaining warriors as a rear-guard. On the seventh day they were to march seven times round the city, and then a long blast from the trumpets was to be accompanied by a shout from the whole army, when the walls should fall and the army march into the city, every man in a straight line from his starting-place. Joshua strictly obeyed these marching-orders, and on the seventh day the city was destroyed and all the inhabitants slain excepting Rahab and her relatives.

TEACHINGS:

1. God expects us to work for our living.
2. Our first and constant prayer should be, What saith the Lord?
3. Christ was Leader and Captain in Old-Testament times as well as now.
4. God can bring about great results by apparently feeble causes.
5. Faith alone will strengthen us to overcome our spiritual enemies.

LESSON IV.

July 22, 1883.] [Josh 7: 10-26.

ISRAEL DEFEATED AT AI.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-12.

10. And the LORD said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?

11. Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them: for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff.

12. Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed: neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you.

13. Up, sanctify the people, and say, Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow: for thus saith the LORD God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.

14. In the morning therefore ye shall be brought according to your tribes: and it shall be, that the tribe which the LORD taketh shall come according to the families thereof; and the family which the LORD shall take shall come by households; and the household which the LORD shall take shall come man by man.

15. And it shall be, that he that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire, he and all that he hath: because he hath transgressed the covenant of the LORD, and because he hath wrought folly in Israel.

16. So Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought Israel by their tribes: and the tribe of Judah was taken.

17. And he brought the family of Judah; and he took the family of the Zarhites: and he brought the family of the Zarhites man by man; and Zabdi was taken;

18. And he brought his household man by man: and Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, was taken.

19. And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the LORD God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me.

20. And Achan answered Joshua, and said, Indeed I have sinned against the LORD God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done:

21. When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.

22. So Joshua sent messengers, and they ran unto the tent; and, behold, it was hid in his tent, and the silver under it.

23. And they took them out of the midst of the tent, and brought them unto Joshua, and unto all the children of Israel, and laid them out before the LORD.

24. And *Joshua, and all Israel with him,* took Achan the son of Zerah, and the silver, and the garments, and the wedge of gold, and his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his sheep, and his tent, and all that he had: and they brought them unto the valley of Achor.

25. And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? the LORD shall trouble thee this day. And all Israel stoned him with stones, and burned them with fire, after they had stoned them with stones.

26. And they raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day. So the Lord turned from the fierceness of his anger. Wherefore the name of that place was called, The valley of Achor, unto this day.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be sure your sin will find you out."—NUM. 32: 23.

TOPIC.—The Certain Consequence of Sin.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE CAUSE OF DEFEAT vs. 10-15. 2. THE SINNER SOUGHT OUT, vs. 16-21. 3. THE CURSE REMOVED, vs. 22-26.

Time.—B.C. 1451. Place.—Gilgal.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the fall of Jericho, Joshua attacked Ai, a city a little to the north-east, and not far from Bethel, and was badly defeated. The people were greatly cast down. The Lord showed Joshua the cause of the calamity. Israel had sinned and broken his covenant by taking of the spoils of Jericho, which were solemnly set apart to the treasury of the Lord; and God was showing his displeasure at this disobedience. Steps were taken to find out the offender. By divine direction the lot was appealed to and the offender sought out.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 11. ISRAEL HATH SINNED—the people are held responsible until they disavow the sin and punish the offender. TRANSGRESSED MY COVENANT—disobeyed my command in regard to the devotion of the spoils, ch. 6: 10. STOLEN—taken for their own use what God had reserved for himself. V. 13. SANCTIFY YOURSELVES—by legal washings and by humbling yourselves before God. THERE IS AN ACCURSED THING—the sin of sacrilege has been committed among you. V. 14. THE TRIBE WHICH THE LORD TAKETH—which shall be declared guilty by the lot. (On the use of the lot, see 1 Sam. 10: 20, 21; 14: 41, 42, Acts 1: 24, 26.) V. 15. TAKEN WITH THE ACCURSED THING—pointed out by the lot as guilty. HE AND ALL THAT HE HATH—his sons, daughters, cattle and goods, as tainted with his guilt. WROUGHT FOLLY—done a foolish and sinful deed that has brought shame upon the nation. V. 16. JOSHUA ROSE UP EARLY—promptly obeyed the divine command. With unerring certainty the lot when cast revealed the tribe, the family and the man. Achan was pointed out by the finger of God as the one who had taken the accursed thing, and thus made himself a curse. V. 19. GIVE GLORY TO THE LORD—tell the truth and confess your sin. V. 20. I HAVE SINNED—a full confession, from which we may hope that he found mercy for his soul, though the punishment was inflicted upon his body. V. 21. BABYLONISH GARMENT—literally, "a costly robe of Shinar," the plain in which Babylon was situated. TWO HUNDRED SHEKELS OF SILVER—equivalent to one hundred and twenty dollars. WEDGE OF GOLD OF FIFTY SHEKELS WEIGHT—in value about four hundred and eighty dollars. SAW ...COVETED....TOOK ....HID—showing the progress of sin. It enters by the eye, sticks into the heart, moves the hand and leads to crime. (Compare Eve's temptations (Gen. 3: 6) and the description of all temptation in James 1: 14.) V. 22. SENT MESSENGERS—who found the stolen articles where Achan had hid them. Vs. 24, 25. Thus God vindicated his law. There was but one course of dealing with one who had thus attempted to cheat God, humbled Israel and brought disgrace upon its arms. Both he and all that belonged to him were treated just as Jericho had been treated under the decree that devoted it to destruction. The living creatures were stoned, and when they were dead their bodies were burned.

TEACHINGS:

1. All sin has its beginning in the heart.
2. Sin injures others as well as the one who commits it.
3. We cannot prosper unless God is with us.
4. We cannot hide our sins from God.
5. Sin is certain, sooner or later, to be exposed and punished.

LESSON V.

July 29, 1883.] [Josh. 8: 30-35.

THE READING OF THE LAW.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 33-35.

30. Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal,

31. As Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses, an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron: and they offered thereon burnt offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace offerings.

32. And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel.

33. And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well as the stranger, as he that was born among them: half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

34. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law.

35. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing."—Deut. 30: 19.

TOPIC.—The Renewal of the Covenant.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE ALTAR BUILT, vs. 30, 31. 2. THE LAW WRITTEN, v. 32. 3. THE BLESSING AND THE CURSING, vs. 33-35.

Time.—B.C. 1451. Place.—Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, near Shechem.

INTRODUCTORY.

After the punishment of Achan the Lord commanded Joshua to renew the attack upon Ai, and the city was taken and destroyed. Joshua then took advantage of the terror which the success of his arms had occasioned to carry out the command of Moses (Deut. 27) to ratify the law at Ebal and Gerizim with solemn ceremonies. Some suppose that our lesson-passage is out of its proper place and should be put at the end of ch. 11, and that the event that it records occurred after the conquest and just before the division of the land. Others think that the passage is in its proper place. The directions of Moses (Deut. 27: 2, 3) imply that the observance should be as early as possible and before the conquest was completed. Joshua in this instance, as always, acted on the principle that religious duties should be first attended to, and at all hazards.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 30. MOUNT EBAL—this was in obedience to the command given, Deut. 27: 2-8. Ebal and Gerizim are mountains facing each other and enclosing a valley which runs east and west. In this valley was the city of Shechem, now Nablous, about twenty miles distant from Gilgal. V. 31. WHOLE STONES—unhewn stones. So the law required in general (Ex. 20: 25), and it has been specially commanded in this case. Deut. 27: 5, 6. This was (1) to prevent the carving of images on stone; (2) to distinguish the altar of Jehovah from heathen altars, which were commonly made of cut stone. V. 32. WROTE ON THE STONES—not the stones of the altar, but the plastered stones (that is, stones cemented with mortar) placed by its side. Deut. 27; 21, 8. V. 33. STOOD ON THIS SIDE THE ARK AND ON THAT SIDE—one half of Israel was ranged on Gerizim and the other half on Ebal, along the sides and the base of each: on Mount Ebal (the mountain on the north of the valley), the tribes of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, Benjamin; on Mount Gerizim, Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulon, Dan, Naphtali. BEFORE THE PRIESTS AND LEVITES—in full view of them as they, with the ark stood in the narrow valley between the two mountains. BLESS THE PEOPLE—and curse also, though this is not expressly mentioned. (See Deut. 27: 13.) The priests in the valley read the blessings and the cursings of the law; to the former the six tribes on Gerizim responded with a loud Amen, and to the latter those on Ebal made a similar response. The valley was so narrow that all could hear distinctly, as modern travellers have proved by experiment. V. 34. HE READ—either Joshua himself, or the priests or Levites at his direction. V. 35. ALL THE CONGREGATION—the heads of households, the women, the children, and the strangers who were with them. All this was done as a renewal of the covenant with Jehovah, made at Mount Sinai.

TEACHINGS:

1. We should promptly obey the commands of God, even at great inconvenience.
2. God's law has penalties as well as blessings.
3. He would have his law clearly proclaimed, that all may understand and obey it.
4. Children and all the household should study and know the word of God.
5. Everybody must choose between life and death (Golden Text.)

THE MOST IGNORANT Hindus are under the control of superstition connected with the hereditary misbelief, and here is the power of paganism, here is the horror of a false faith. What is this man doing! He lies down in the dust and measures his length; rises to his feet and then measures his length again. He is passing over hundreds of miles in this way. Why is he going through these austerities? In order to shorten the eight million four hundred thousand re-births, to cut off some portion of the long line of transmigrations through which men must go. The theory of the average Hindu is that he must be reborn, and that, if he has pre-eminent merit in this life, he will be born on a higher scale. Every man must go through millions of transmigrations, and eminent merit here will lessen the number of these and so bring Heaven nearer. Austerities of the most horrible kind you see practised at Benares, and you ask why men endure them; and the answer is: "To shorten the eighty-four." The two wheels on which the chariot of Hinduism in the ignorant populations moves are positive belief in transmigration and in caste. Whoever can break these wheels may smite Hinduism into fragments.—*Joseph Cook.*

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